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If it is singularly wonderful how ridiculous a man can make himself, when, in order that he may play the demagogue, he resorts to the most foolish logic. Our neighbor of the *Journal* enthusiastic in his supreme love for our adopted citizens. In his over-wearing zeal to ingratiate himself into their good favor, he seems to forget there are any other persons living in this country. He loses sight of the native born almost entirely, and hag with a parental fondness to his "Democratic heart," the son of the Emerald Isle, or the native of the Fatherland. He thinks at all the vices indulged in by them, and forgets his own baseness, in his severity. It is a great pity that our friend does not speak with the "rich German accent" and articulate the "sweet Irish brogue." We fancy he would look heroic with a shillalah in his hand, and swearing by "St. Patrick" he was the best Democrat that ever tried a bog, or drank a keg of lager beer. However, we very much admire Mr. Cokerly for all this—it is worthy of emulation. It is a disinterested friendship unprecedented—an individual love unparalleled. Of course, all this affection is genuine, for we are satisfied, were all our adopted citizens real genuine Republicans our neighbor would only love them more. He has no political motive in his friendships. His philanthropy, like the *diagonet's* bottle, is inexhaustible; and did we want to entirely demolish him, and put him forever under the sod, we would have all who meet him use a foreign accent, and he will absolutely collapse under the immense pressure of sublimated goodness. He would be *non est*, and we would have to write his epitaph, which we would commence by saying, "Here lies the editor of the *Journal*, who died from an exuberance of disinterested friendship, producing an enlargement of his Democratic heart." Now, "Mortus boni letitiae insolens."

We were led to pay the above deserved compliment to our neighbor to let the world know that even a political opponent we can discern many streaks of bright sunshine, and even the uncommon courage to speak of true merit, wherever we may find it. And further we thought a favorable notice due our friend for his ingenuousness in encouraging a lawless mob, and at the same time scowlingly sustaining the supremacy of the law. His peculiar coming in saying nothing aga not the recent excitement in our city while it was in active movement, but waiting three days thereafter and then pitching into us, because we denounced it from first to last. His advances in being for and against the mob—such as the *Tribune* and Col. Cokerly their particular friend, that puts a dagger in our hearts to slay our adopted sons, and places the editor of the *Journal* just in the rear, with a shillalah, endeavoring to thwart our designs. Our dilemma is truly perplexing, and we can see no way of extricating ourself but on the Yankee principle, that when a question is asked, which is difficult of being answered, to immediately propose another equally difficult of elucidation.

Can't we show now, by the same species of logical deduction that even our neighbor is guilty of some heinous crime. Let us see. "We received" that some years go a scoundrel stole a horse from the stable of one of our citizens and ran off with it. We have looked in vain in the columns of the *Journal* for one word denunciatory of that act, we have found *not one*. Hence of course we conclude—second to the editor's reasoning—that Col. Cokerly not only favored the stealing of that horse, but did it because the unfortunate horse was the property of a citizen to the master born. There is much Sabbath breaking in our city—much dissipation—much crime and immorality. We have looked into all the files of the *Journal* and we can find *not one word* against all this—not one! If the reasoning of Mr. Cokerly is correct, is he not guilty of all those offenses against law and sound morals?

How do you like it, Colonel? "By your own words will I condemn you."

The editor of the *Journal* seems desirous to insinuate that our denunciation of the mob, a few days ago, were owing to an antipathy to that class of citizens who were the principal participants in it. We denounced it because it was *wrong*—a violation of the laws of our country and a stab at the well-being of society. We had no milk and water words for it, nor would we have resorted to milk and water means to suppress it. Unlike the editor of the *Journal*, we would not and did not, cringe before the excited multitude and get cowardly out of the way, to behold the law of the country trampled under foot. We would not, nor did we who was engaged in the mob—who was its leader in its followers. It required but a moment for us to make up our minds as to the proper course for a citizen to pursue, and we spoke it out.

If the editor of the *Journal* can derive any individual or political advantage by giving

convenience to a mob, he is welcome to it. If our adopted citizens will cling to the Democratic party any more closely for such sycophancy, why let them do so, but in our judgment they will laugh at the Colonel's demagogism, and just as they please.

Hold Himself Out.

The present status of Senator Douglas is thus stated by the Chicago *Herald*, the organ of the Administration for the Northwest:

Mr. Douglas, if the Opposition did not know it, has actually freed himself out of the party of the administration. He works at all the vices indulged in by them, and forgets his own baseness, in his severity. It is a great pity that our friend does not speak with the "rich German accent" and articulate the "sweet Irish brogue." We fancy he would

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St. Mary's of the Woods.

In company with a very large number of our citizens, we availed ourselves of the opportunity yesterday, of attending the annual assembly at St. Mary's of the Woods.

At 3 o'clock, A. M., an extra train, consisting of four or five cars, left the Union Depot under the care of that of every politico and accomplished gentleman. Co-doctor Talmage, who landed us all safely, at the St. Mary's station in a very few minutes, where a large concourse of visitors had already assembled.

The exercises commenced in a few minutes, consisting in the forenoon, of music, vocal and instrumental, and in the evening, when the young ladies did themselves great credit, winning warm applause from the large assemblage of visitors.

We have neither the time or space to go into a detailed description of the various performances, but cannot pass by in silence a few of them.

"I've a Home in the Woods," and "O how I love my Mountain Home," were sung in a style, a "full shot," that won enthusiastic applause on the part of the audience, even requiring a repetition of the latter.

Miss Sallie McLaughley has, sine a soprano voice as we ever heard, and by careful study and cultivation, will make a sizeable record.

The piano accompaniment to "My Mountain Home," by Miss Mary Hayes, was very finely executed.

"The Overture to the Opera of Fra Diavolo" and "From Greenland's Icy Mountains, with variations," by Miss Maggie Fergus, were executed in a most masterly manner, and was somewhat improved in the last few years—since we quit the practice.

The Devil and the Lawyer.

The Devil came up to the earth one day, and into a court house he walked by way,

and said, "I am a sinner, with my grave,"

Was proceeding to argue the "points of the case,"

Now, a lawyer his majestic power had seen,

For to his dominions once he had been,

And felt every virtue the reason to know,

Why does but then quit to the regions below,

Then comes up to the earth the Devil again,

And his master power he had,

And his master power he had,